

## Sapnap in Skirts

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## Sapnap in Skirts

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

It's exactly as the title says.

i thought it was obvious but this is ooc of characters, not real people, but if this work bothers any CC i will remove it immediately  
edit: if you are looking back for this, quackity has been removed as per his boundaries. i hope you understand.

# Dream

## Chapter Summary

kinks: degradation, praise, name-calling, choking, crying, dom/sub undertones

enjoy!! <3

Sapnap and Dream had been friends for a very long time. A very, very long time. Dream was there for almost all of Sapnap's embarrassing moments, and Sapnap was there when Dream had his heart broken over and over again.

It came to a point where Sapnap couldn't take Dream being so invested in all of these people only for them to hurt him. Sapnap wanted to protect Dream, to keep him to himself. Every time Dream started dating a new girl, Sapnap could feel his heart breaking. Not only was he falling in love with his best friend, he was falling in love with a straight man.

The first time Sapnap came to visit, Dream was almost done getting over his most recent relationship. He wasn't crying anymore, but didn't have as much energy as he did before.

Sapnap knew his best friend was upset. He didn't show anything visibly as he kept his eyes on the TV, bit his nails, and didn't make any jokes about the dumbass show that was on. It was tiring.

"That's it," Sapnap said, standing up. Dream didn't even look at him. "I'm going to the store!"

"Oh, totally," Dream said offhandedly.

Sapnap groaned and stormed out of Dream's apartment building. He stomped his way into the car. He thought deeply as he sat in the driver's seat hands on the wheel. "What can I do?" he thought aloud.

He nodded to himself as he started up his car. He would become Nicola, the woman created for taking. He would become her for his best friend to fall in love with, to help him with his breakup. That's exactly why, no other reason.

This required a few stops. One was to Forever 21, a horrendous store that fit perfectly in his plan. He found a pink silk skirt that was ruched to the side so the fabric clung to his ass. He also bought a beautiful pair of sheer black panties from Victoria's Secret, and a drop-neckline top from Macy's. Finally, he stopped at Sephora for a nice lipstick and blush.

On the way home, he thought about this plan. Would this really work, or would he make a complete fool out of himself for his best friend?

When he returned, Dream was still sitting on the couch watching the same dumb TV show. He looked back to see that it was Sapnap before returning to the TV.

"I'm going to change really quick," Sapnap said. Dream didn't say anything.

Sapnap headed to Dream's room. Not only was he mentally preparing himself to be a confident, sexual woman, but also to be used as an object in the next hour or so. He stretched himself before

he put on his costume.

He looked at himself in the mirror before leaving the room. His beard was trimmed, his lips were painted, his chest was shown off, his waist looked tiny compared to his hips which were gorgeously defined by his skirt, and his thighs looked wonderful. He sighed as he walked out into the living room.

Dream didn't look at him. Sapnap wanted attention.

"Dream," he said softly. Nothing. "Dream!" he said more commanding. Dream just nodded.

Sapnap walked over and sat on Dream's lap. Dream's legs came up instinctively behind him to cradle him.

"Clay," he said, placing a hand on Dream's chest.

"Nick," Dream said breathlessly.

Sapnap giggled. "You are a mess," he said, running a hand through Dream's hair. "I honestly believed you might've been over her."

"I-I am," Dream stuttered.

"It doesn't seem like it. You're so distracted, like you're thinking of her when you're with me," Sapnap whined, settling on Dream's hips. Dream's hand came to hold his ass.

"I am not thinking about her," Dream said, using his hand to bring Sapnap's face close to his.

"Do you promise?" Sapnap whispered. Their lips were close together. He wondered how Dream would look with lipstick smeared across his face.

"How could I? How could I think of her with you right here?"

Sapnap felt butterflies. "Tell me I'm pretty."

"You're gorgeous," Dream said.

"Tell me you love me."

"I love you."

"Tell me—."

"I can tell you anything," Dream said. "Why don't I just show you?"

Sapnap felt taken aback, even though this was his plan all along. He just shook his head, feeling lightheaded when Dream smirked up at him.

"Okay," Dream said, nodding. His hand moved from Sapnap's ass to his thigh under the skirt. With his other hand, he slid his fingers in Sapnap's hair and grabbed ahold of it, bringing him in for a harsh kiss.

Sapnap moaned, leaning in to the kiss as he placed his hands on either sides of Dream's face. They made out feverishly, a mess of tongues and makeup and spit. Sapnap could feel the hand on his thigh squeezing tightly.

“Do you want to be fucked that badly?” Dream asked with a laugh. Sapnap whimpered. “Oh, you do? What a pretty whore.”

Dream felt his hand all the way up to Sapnap’s hips. “Lace? You were *expecting* to be fucked?” he asked incredulously. He ripped the underwear off and pulled them out of the skirt. He held them in front of Sapnap’s face. “This is what happens to whores, do you know that? You don’t get anything nice unless I allow it.”

Sapnap bit on the back of his hand to stifle a moan. Dream moved his free hand to Sapnap’s throat, fingers pressed gently to his windpipe. “If you want to be quiet I will make you be quiet.” Sapnap wished the fear in his eyes would not make Dream stop whatever this was.

The panties were thrown to the other side of the couch, allowing Dream’s hand to press on Sapnap’s growing bulge. He gasped, followed by a sound that made it seem like he was melting.

“There it is,” Dream said with a smile, using his grip on Sapnap’s neck to bring him in for a short kiss. Sapnap tried to receive chaser kisses, but to no avail.

“I’m going to give you what you expected of me, only because you know me so well. I’ll fuck anything with a pretty ass and a compliant mouth,” Dream said offhandedly. Sapnap felt a punch to his stomach before it translated to butterflies. *Dream called him pretty.*

Sapnap’s skirt was yanked up to expose his cock and ass. Dream smiled as he pumped his hand over it, placing a hand on Sapnap’s chest where a breast would be. He thumbed a nipple through his shirt.

“I can’t decide if I want to see you fall apart on top of me while you fuck yourself or if I want to pound your ass into this couch.” Sapnap whimpered. “What was that, slut?”

“B-both,” he said.

“Are you that cock-hungry you want me to do both for you?” Dream demanded. Sapnap nodded, entirely embarrassed. Dream unbuckled his pants. “You goddamn whore.” As his pants were unzipped, he squeezed one of Sapnap’s cheeks.

“All of you sluts only want one thing and it’s disgusting. You’re only good for sex,” Dream all but spat. “Do you hear me?” he grabbed Sapnap by the throat again and lined himself up to push into his ass without prep. “All you are here for is to make me feel good. You’re a toy, not a person. A fucktoy in a skirt. A tease.”

And Sapnap felt Dream bottom out. He grunted and his voice cracked. Dream did not look happy.

“You prepped yourself for this?” he demanded. Sapnap said nothing. “Speak!” Dream shouted.

Sapnap burst into tears. “I wanted you to love me,” he sobbed.

“I do love you, that’s why I’m teaching you a lesson. Don’t be a filthy whore and I will be nicer about it. Next time you need reminding, it’s going to have to hurt. You’ll remember every time you have to sit down—you are loved.”

Sapnap wailed. He began to move, flexing his thighs to begin riding Dream. Dream chuckled, placing his hands on Sapnap’s hips.

“If you could only see yourself. You are a fast learner. Repeat after me: loved, loved, loved.”

When every thrust came, Sapnap's broken voice sang, "loved, loved, loved." Tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"That's right. Even though you're a dirty slut, I love you. God, I'm sacrificing my image for you. My title! Do you know what this will do to me? You've ruined me, wearing this!"

Dream flipped them over and found a rhythm of hitting Sapnap's prostate and *hard*. Sapnap's little noises filled the room, making Dream groan.

"Please," Sapnap mumbled, his hands coming up to brace on Dream's biceps.

"Please what?" Dream asked.

"More," Sapnap said, voice shaking from being jostled harshly by Dream's movement.

Dream smirked and hiked Sapnap's legs over his shoulders. He moved closer to Sapnap. Sapnap could feel the difference, and he threw his head back.

"You're so pretty for me, Nick," Dream said, then began to kiss Sapnap's neck softly despite his brutal pace. Sapnap felt his jaw go slack as he let out an ungodly moan.

"I'm going to—."

"Do it, come on," Dream said.

It didn't take anything else for Sapnap to come across the silken skirt. Dream came a few seconds after, pulling out to let his come mix with Sapnap's. He fell over on the couch, completely worn and out of breath.

Sapnap caught his breath before saying anything. "Are you over her now?"

"What?" Dream demanded, peeling his sweatshirt off his sweaty body. He needed to wear only shorts more often.

"Are you over *her*?"

Dream softened. He leaned down close to Sapnap's face and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek. Sapnap turned his face to look at Dream head on. His eyes went from Dream's lips, to his eyes, then back.

"Nick," Dream whispered. He brushed their noses together, and Sapnap closed his eyes tightly.

"Clay," he said in a warning tone.

"What?" Dream whispered. "Do you not want to kiss me?"

"God, I do," Sapnap said, sounding almost as out of breath as before.

"Then do it," Dream said, almost pleading.

Sapnap hesitated. "Clay," he whispered, placing a hand on Dream's cheek.

Dream let his eyes flutter shut as he leaned in to kiss Sapnap. Their lips met tentatively. It was nothing like before. This was sweet.

"This using me... it was a one time thing," Sapnap said, blushing.

Dream looked taken aback. “You— why?” he asked angrily, sitting up.

“What?” Sapnap asked, just as upset. “You’re straight, I’m not.”

“I just fucked you! You still think I’m straight?”

“Dudes helping bros, I don’t know!” Sapnap said, shouting.

Dream leaned in and kissed him gently again. His hand sat respectfully on Sapnap’s cheek. “It’s not like that for me. I’ve loved you since I can remember,” he said, smiling softly.

“Oh,” Sapnap said, blushing. Dream giggled. Their heads leaned together as they laughed.

“Let’s get you cleaned up, silly goose,” Dream smiled, peeling the skirt off of Sapnap while trying to prevent a mess. He offered his hand to help Sapnap off the couch, and they showered together.

Afterward, when they were all warm and cuddly in Dream’s bed, Sapnap placed a hand on Dream’s chest and hummed.

“What is it?” Dream asked. He didn’t open his eyes.

“You’re over her?” Sapnap asked.

Dream opened his eyes to look down at Sapnap. Sapnap felt himself being detached for any sign of a lie, or any joke. There would be nothing but sincerity to find.

“I’m way over her. I’ve been over her for weeks. I just like having you around, and I like when you feel wanted,” Dream said.

Sapnap frowned. “Then why were you so distracted?”

“It was New in Town, why would I not be watching the TV?” Dream asked.

Sapnap nodded, but still looked upset. Dream softened and pulled the younger boy closer.

“I’m sorry I misled you. I didn’t mean to hurt your feelings,” Dream said. Sapnap looked up at him, a dated smile across his face.

“You called me pretty,” he said proudly. Dream wheezed. Their foreheads pressed together, and Sapnap couldn’t help but smile wider.

“It’s because you are,” Dream whispered.

They fell asleep comfortably wrapped together, Sapnap's cum-covered skirt sitting in the laundry basket by Dream’s bathroom door.

# Karl

## Chapter Summary

kinks: cock warming, mild praise

Karl and Sapnap had been friends for some time, but recently, they'd become partners. As much as they wanted to live together, Sapnap was really invested in his college and Karl couldn't leave because of his contract with Jimmy, so it was tough doing long distance.

They made it work, though. They called and FaceTimed as often as they could on top of what they did for videos and streams. Often times Karl fell asleep on calls because he was an hour ahead of his boyfriend, so Sapnap got the pleasure of watching Karl look peacefully before dozing off himself.

A grace period came around Sapnap's winter break. He was flying to see Karl as soon as he could.

When they met at the airport, Karl wrapped his arms around Sapnap's shoulders as Sapnap squeezed his middle. They spun around for bit before Karl grabbed Sapnap's luggage in one hand and his hand in the other.

Once they returned home, they stole quick kisses from each other. It felt nice to actually be in each other's company. Karl was a ball of sunshine with a permanent grin, one that was contagious to Sapnap.

The only downside of the visit was that while Sapnap was on break, Karl wasn't. He had videos to edit. They both did streams from Karl's setup, but that wasn't really *work*. They just goofed off and stared too long at each other.

No, the excruciating moments were when Sapnap was in bed watching Karl edit his videos to upload and/or to send to Jimmy, and most of the time, that left Sapnap to fall asleep without cuddling the love of his life. It wasn't horrible, it just felt weird that he was there with his boyfriend, but his boyfriend wasn't really there with him.

Sapnap wasn't mad. Really, he wasn't. He felt loved that Karl spent all his morning hours with him so he pushed all of his work to the night. He felt loved that Karl wanted him around. He wanted to show Karl some of that love.

Karl often talked about seeing Sapnap in a dress. It was almost a fantasy of his, or like some sort of compulsion. Karl would grab Sapnap's waist and tell him he would look good with a tight fabric cinching it in, or he would grab Sapnap's ass and tell him there could be easier access... almost as a tease to make him want to wear something.

Sapnap didn't mind wearing a dress, especially if it was for Karl. Secretly, he'd bought a simple black nightie at home and brought it with him. It wasn't really one of things he packed at pajamas, but something to be used as a special gift to Karl. Sapnap thought he'd been working so hard lately that he needed a gift.

"I'm going to put pajamas on," Sapnap said, almost like a warning. He didn't know why. They'd

had sex plenty of times already for it only being Sapnap's fifth day there. Karl let out a breath of air as a laugh.

Sapnap had forgotten to try on the dress before he'd gotten here. The skirt was a little tight around his thighs, but that wasn't a bad thing. It just meant it would be a little uncomfortable for a little bit.

He cleared his throat and Karl glanced back at him. When he caught sight of what Sapnap was wearing, he turned in his chair fully to gawk at his boyfriend.

"Nick," he said, almost in disbelief.

"Yes, Karl?" Sapnap asked.

"Is that—? Are you—?"

"It's a nightie," Sapnap nodded.

Karl groaned and rolled his head back. "God, you look so good. Come here," he said, patting his lap.

Sapnap giggled and did as told, climbing into Karl's lap. Karl placed one hand on his thigh for stability, giving Sapnap butterflies. His other hand made its way into Sapnap's hair to pull him down for a gentle kiss.

"You are so pretty," Karl whispered, pressing soft kisses down Sapnap's neck. Sapnap laced his hand in Karl's hair, smiling approvingly.

"Pretty for you," Sapnap smiled.

Karl put his face in the crook of Sapnap's neck and inhaled deeply. "Yeah, you are," he said softly, his voice muffled. Sapnap kissed the top of his head and hugged him tightly.

"I didn't put this on for nothing," he giggled. Karl pulled away with a frown.

"I still have to work, baby," he said, rubbing Sapnap's side.

"I know," Sapnap nodded. "I have an idea."

He crawled out of Karl's lap and sat on his bed, clamoring to find the lube at the side of their bed. When he did find it, he sat on his knees facing Karl. Sapnap popped the cap open, spread the lube on his fingers, and reached behind him.

"Let me help," Karl offered, but didn't make any move to do so.

"Just watch, I know you want to," Sapnap said.

"I do," Karl admitted, and Sapnap smiled.

When the first finger slid inside of him fully (almost with no resistance, Karl had made sure he was comfortably stretched earlier), Sapnap's mouth fell open. He quickly recovered by biting his lip, but he saw Karl's hand fall to palm himself through his jeans.

As he went on, trying to open himself up as quick as possible, he put on a show for Karl. He whimpered, moaned, even, just to watch Karl fall apart opposite him.



“All done,” he said cheerfully.

“I still have to work, baby,” Karl protested. He sounded confused.

“Mhm,” Sapnap agreed, “I’m just going to have to sit on your cock until you’re done.”

Karl’s jaw dropped. “No,” he gasped scandalously.

“If you don’t want to--.”

“I want to,” he nodded. To show just what he meant, he unbuckled his pants, unzipping them quickly. His dick stood against his oversized sweatshirt proudly.

“Oh, you do,” Sapnap said breathlessly.

Karl laughed and patted his lap. “Please.”

Sapnap hiked the skirt up around his waist and sat on Karl’s dick. He gasped as Karl bottomed out, but tried to get comfortable nonetheless. Karl wrapped one arm around Sapnap and reached for the mouse with his free hand.

“Are you comfortable?” Karl asked gently. Sapnap nodded, wrapping his arms around Karl and burying his face in Karl’s chest. Karl laughed and squeezed Sapnap lightly. “Good.”

Sapnap tried not to make any noises or sudden movements. He could feel Karl’s cock in him, just barely missing his prostate. It was so frustrating, if Karl would just move--.

“Are you okay with this?” Karl whispered, petting Sapnap’s hair.

“Yeah, why?” Sapnap grit out.

“You’re fidgety and shaky,” Karl said. “Are you really good?”

“It feels really good,” Sapnap mumbled, his face going deep red.

“I’m almost done, baby. Only five more minutes, I promise.”

*Only, Sapnap thought. His thoughts were a little angry. You try sitting with a nice cock in your ass for only five minutes. One attached to a cute boy, at that. I’m going to maul you, Karl Jacobs.*

He slowly started to move his hips. Maybe that would get Karl to work faster, or just abandon his work all together.

“Calm down,” Karl said, his voice more commanding than it usually was. Sapnap’s eyes went wide and he listened.

After what felt like an eternity had passed, Sapnap felt a jostle from Karl.

“Ah,” he said, meaning to be quiet, but he whimpered.

“I’m almost done, but I’m so bored, and you feel so good,” Karl whispered, kissing Sapnap’s cheek.

“You’re a tease,” Sapnap said. He rolled his hips down onto Karl, who held in a groan.

Karl thrust up, then held Sapnap’s hips down so he couldn’t move. “Take it back.”

“But you are a tease,” Sapnap protested. “Let me fuck myself, come on,” he pleaded.

“Tell me why you should,” Karl said, moving up again.

Sapnap couldn’t speak for a second. “I’ve been so good, sitting here for you. Come on, you still get to work and I get to ride you.”

“You say that like it’s a privilege.”

“It is,” Sapnap nodded adamantly. “One that I’m desperate for.”

“God, okay,” Karl said quickly. He grabbed a handful of the nightie.

Sapnap smiled and rolled his hips back once in a test. Karl moaned.

“I hope you like the dress,” Sapnap said sweetly. He then began to rock back on Karl, taking in the sight of Karl trying to focus on his video.

“I do. A lot,” Karl said, his voice strained. He was blushing.

“You do?” Sapnap asked innocently.

“You’re so sexy,” Karl moaned. “So, so sexy. Do you know that? You’re pretty, like a girl. You’re dainty, and pretty, and sexy, and *fuck*. ”

Sapnap had shifted, and he felt Karl was going deeper inside him.

“And what?” Sapnap asked cheekily.

“I forgot,” Karl said frankly. He completely abandoned his video and was focused on Sapnap. “Just fuck yourself.”

Sapnap laughed at that as he felt Karl match his rhythm. “Should I be offended?”

Karl just groaned in response. His face was pressed into Sapnap’s neck again.

A silence fell over them. The only noises were gasps and skin hitting skin.

“I’m going to come,” Sapnap whispered.

Karl moved to tear his shirt off. “I’m not going to ruin this it’s vintage,” he said in justification.

Sapnap came across Karl’s bare abdomen. “You had to say that right then?”

Karl chuckled. “I’m sorry, but I’m about to come too.”

“Pull out, please. I don’t want to have to clean myself,” Sapnap groaned.

Karl did as told, pulling out to have his come mix with Sapnap’s between them.

“Gross,” Sapnap laughed, leaning back against Karl’s desk.

“I don’t want to shower either,” Karl whined.

“Okay cleaning up is different than cleaning *out*,” Sapnap protested.

“Now that’s gross,” Karl said.

“Shut up and go clean yourself off,” Sapnap said, climbing off of Karl’s lap onto his bed.

Karl got up and came back a few minutes later, missing his pants.

“Come cuddle me,” Sapnap said, opening his arms for Karl.

Karl walked over and climbed over top of Sapnap. He kissed his head, then his cheek, then his lips softly. “I was actually thinking we could do another round, but I’ll be more involved this time.”

“Damn, the dress really does something to you,” Sapnap smiled against Karl’s lips.

“You in the dress does something to me,” Karl corrected.

“That’s really sweet,” Sapnap said. “Shut up and fuck me again.”

# Dream and George

## Chapter Summary

hii !! sorry it's been a little while. a lot of things have been going on and not updating caught up to me.

i tried my hand at some bottom dream; hope you enjoy this one !!

kinks: phone/camera sex, voyeurism, dom/sub undertones

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Sapnap came to visit Dream, George was not too happy about it. His two boyfriends were able to hang out without him, and he was understandably upset. Sapnap just didn't enjoy the earful of complaints he received on the daily.

"You're spending so much time together," George complained. Sapnap rolled his eyes.

"Because we're living together, babe," Dream laughed. It made Sapnap's heart swell, hearing Dream call George his own special pet name. He could only imagine how it made George feel.

"That's how that works."

"Okay but I'm not there," George pouted.

"Suck it up, Georgie. You'll be here as soon as you can be and I'll let you have all the cuddles you want," Sapnap scoffed.

"From who?" George asked as if he were seriously considering it.

"Whoever," Sapnap shrugged.

There was a short pause. "Okay, I think I agree."

"What?" Dream asked incredulously. "You can't just give up *my* hugs Sap."

The three of them bickered over the phone before George had to get off to go to dinner. Dream sighed as he watched the screen change as George hung up.

"Sucks, doesn't it?" Sapnap asked, crossing his arms.

"Not having him here? Yeah, it does. Really bad," Dream frowned. He leaned back against the countertop of the island and sighed.

Sapnap groaned and walked over to Dream, reaching his arms out so that his tall boyfriend would envelop him in a hug. Dream did so happily, pulling Sapnap close to his chest.

They held each other snug, relishing in the comfort they gave each other. It had been almost a decade of friendship, half of that being best friends, and almost two years of romance. Being together was home, no matter where they were.

A piece of their puzzle was still missing. George was in England, across an ocean. Sapnap knew Dream would swim there if he could. It sucked that they were kept apart because the United States couldn't get their shit together.

"You know, there might be one way to make him happy," Sapnap mumbled into Dream's chest.

"And that's what?" Dream asked. Sapnap could feel the rumble of speech reverberate in his chest.

"I'll have to show you," he said, looking up into Dream's eyes. All he could see was pure love.

Dream leaned down for a kiss and was met with Sapnap's eager lips. "Show me, then."

They kissed sweetly, Sapnap's arms reaching around to cradle the back of Dream's head as Dream's hands squeezed Sapnap's waist. It didn't feel real that they could do this, be together and hold one another. It was surreal.

"Come on, Sap," Dream whispered, his lips ghosting Sapnap's. He trailed kisses up Sapnap's cheeks, his forehead, his nose.

Sapnap just laughed and shook his head. "Is someone needy?"

"You tease," Dream said, running his hands across the hot skin of Sapnap's lower back. "Don't you want to be good for once? Make all of us happy?"

"Are you complaining about my attitude? *Again*?" Sapnap asked.

Dream just laughed. "Don't make me pick you up."

"Fine, fine," Sapnap said, pulling away from Dream. He dropped his hand to interlace with his boyfriend's, then began to walk, leading them to their bedroom.

Dream was silent most of the way, which was unnerving because he almost never was. Sapnap was on edge, nervous to show Dream his idea despite them being literal soulmates.

"Sit," Sapnap said, gesturing to the bed. Dream did as told as Sapnap knelt to unzip his suitcase.

Out came a short black skirt with a slit running up the side of one leg. Dream's jaw dropped, making Sapnap blush.

"Sapnap..." Dream whispered, moving down to the floor as he reached out for the garment. Sapnap handed it to him slowly, still nervous as to what he would say.

Dream continued to say nothing. He held the skimpy thing up, looked at it from the front and the back, looked at his boyfriend, held it up again, then pulled it in to his face to smell it.

"Why did you smell it?" Sapnap asked.

"I wanted to see if it was really yours," Dream shrugged. "Smells like your detergent and cologne."

"Yeah, I've owned it for a while," Sapnap nodded hesitantly, still a bundle of nerves.

"Why didn't you say anything to George or me?" Dream asked gently. He held on to the skirt.

"I was-- am-- embarrassed. I didn't think that would be something you two would be interested in."

"I'm *very* interested," Dream said. Sapnap tried to will away a blush.

"So I was right? George might be into it, too."

"You still haven't told me your idea."

"Oh!" Sapnap exclaimed. "Phone sex."

"What?" Dream demanded.

"On a call with George. I wear a skirt, you sit on my dick, he comes for us. Easy," Sapnap said plainly.

"I'm half hard thinking about it, I doubt he'll last long enough to see me do anything," Dream shook his head. Sapnap blushed at the discreet compliment. "My mouth is already watering. Those thighs in this skirt? Mm."

A few hours later after they'd eaten, Dream had time to prepare himself, and Sapnap had coordinated this sneak attack, they asked George to video call them.

"You two are so weird, we already called today," George complained immediately after picking up.

"Then why did you answer?" Sapnap asked. "Simp."

"Do you have headphones in?" Dream asked, pushing through their bullshit.

"Of course I do, it's three in the morning. Why?" George said in his signature cutting tone.

Dream turned off his computer's camera as Sapnap turned on his phone's camera, providing a better view of the two of them; Sapnap in one of Dream's shirts with that skirt and Dream in only grey boxers.

"Guys? What is this?" George asked, voice unsure.

"We're going to have sex with you," Sapnap said, nodding.

"It's not ideal, but it's what works. We really want to do this with you," Dream added.

George seemed close to tears.

"I-I can't... guys," he said, looking overly appreciative. "I don't look good enough."

"You don't have to think you look good or not, that's what we're here for," Sapnap smiled.

"Come on, let us hear those noises as a reward?" Dream pleaded.

The way George mewled for them seemed planned. "This is sexy enough for you two?"

"Yeah? We're having sex with you. That's sexy," Sapnap said.

Dream shut him up by leaning over and planting a big kiss to Sapnap's lips, effectively keeping him from teasing George. Sapnap's hand rested on Dream's cheek, holding him steady like a pace.

"Put your hand on his leg," George said softly. Both Dream and Sapnap were surprised at his sudden commanding tone.

Dream did as told anyway, his thumb pressed deeply into the soft flesh of Sapnap's thigh, the rest of his fingers softly spaced where George could see.

They continued making out, Dream's hand squeezing Sapnap's leg incrementally to please George. There was a rustle of fabric, indicative of George moving around on his end.

"Touching yourself?" Dream asked, pulling away from Sapnap who whined.

"You're turning me on," George protested. "What else am I to do?"

"Let the man jack off," Sapnap said. He laced his hands in Dream's hair and began to kiss down his neck.

Dream wrapped an arm around Sapnap's waist, keeping eye contact with George. "Show me."

"What?" George asked, eyes panicked.

"Show me your cock," Dream said in a no-nonsense tone. Sapnap made a small noise, but began to leave a hickey on Dream's neck.

There was more rustling until George was showing a blurry and semi-dark image of his boxer briefs. He was palming himself lightly, rutting up into the heel of his hand.

"God, George," Dream breathed out. Sapnap stopped what he was doing to get a good look.

"Y-you're both looking at me," George breathed out.

"Camera shy?" Sapnap teased.

"It's okay, babe. What do you want us to do?" Dream asked sweetly.

"Sapnap..." George waited until he knew he had his full attention, "take the shirt off."

Sapnap smiled deviously. While they bickered constantly, it wasn't because they didn't love each other. In fact, Sapnap and George would constantly finish each other's sentences, say the same things even if they weren't together, and overall just freak Dream out with their synchronization. This controlling factor George had was exactly something Sapnap had thought out and expected from him.

The stolen shirt was thrown across the room.

Dream's hand drifted up Sapnap's bare chest, brushing past a sensitive nipple. Sapnap made a little melting noise, trying to keep his composure.

"Put your hand up his skirt," George said. He sounded breathless and on the verge of a moan.

Dream placed a hand on Sapnap's thigh, then slowly let his hand glide up underneath the black fabric. "Naughty boy isn't wearing any underwear," he announced to George. The skirt was ruched up to show Sapnap's hard cock standing up, showing off to the camera.

"Sapnap..." George gasped. A faint whimper followed.

"If you were here, Gogy, I'd have you sit on my dick and make you squirm, moaning for Dream to tell me to move," Sapnap smiled. "But because I can't do that, I'll show you on Dream."

George moaned a little louder at that, and his hand was moving faster.

“Don’t come yet,” Dream said. He leaned back and slid his underwear off, his ass now exposed to the camera.

“You literally just got butt-naked in front of me!” George whined. “Seriously.”

“Come here,” Sapnap cooed, patting his lap. Dream moved over to sit facing the camera in front of Sapnap.

“Oh, God,” George said softly. Dream was completely naked in front of the camera. He was on display like a priceless piece of artwork.

“He’s stretched so perfectly, George,” Sapnap said, hooking his chin on Dream’s shoulder to look at George’s blown pupils. “So well behaved, don’t you think?”

“Are you going to be pretty, Dream?” George asked.

“I’m gonna try,” Dream nodded.

Sapnap chuckled as he reached his hand around to stroke Dream’s leaking cock. Dream leaned his head back and groaned. George moaned at Dream’s noises.

“Whenever you’re ready,” Sapnap said smugly, his hands moving to Dream’s hips.

Dream couldn’t really speak. He let Sapnap guide him up, back, and down until he was fully seated with minimal wincing.

“If this were you, George,” Sapnap said, “I’d have my hands up and down your body.” He demonstrated on Dream who shivered. “And Dream would be giving you little kisses, promising you’d be okay, but that’d be a lie. You wouldn’t be able to walk.”

When Sapnap began thrusting, Dream tried to hide his noises. He figured George had earbuds in and could hear well enough. However, when Sapnap got more rough, manhandling Dream with surprising ease and speeding up his pace, the small whimpers became loud proclamations of love.

“George, George,” he panted, hair falling in his face as his mouth dropped open.

“Is he pretty George?” Sapnap asked, clearing Dream’s eyes.

“So pretty,” George confirmed.

“I’ll brush the hair out of your eyes when you’re too fucked-out to do it yourself,” Sapnap said.

“You sound proud of yourself,” George said unamused.

“I am.”

Dream moaned loudly, breaking their fight up.

“Don’t be rude! Jerk him off, Sapnap.”

Sapnap rolled his eyes but did as told anyway. All of his energy was focused on pleasing his boyfriends, so he didn’t keep up conversation. Dream couldn’t have formed a thought if he tried, and George must’ve known that about them because he didn’t say anything, either.

All of a sudden, Dream was cumming into Sapnap’s hand with short breaths. George grunted, signifying he also came.



“I’m going to do what I promised,” Sapnap said, then came in Dream’s ass, pulling out as Dream leaked.

The three of them sat in another silence, trying to recuperate on all ends.

“I don’t think I’ve ever cum that hard in my entire life,” George announced.

Sapnap began giggling, then outright laughing. It caught on with Dream, who also devolved into hysterics.

“That’s not funny!” George protested weakly, fighting back chuckles of his own.

Once they felt the wave of post-sex tiredness hit them, the call went quiet again.

“As much as I love the two of you, it’s really really late here now,” George said. He muffled a yawn.

“I’ve gotta get this idiot in the shower,” Sapnap said, leaning down to press a kiss to Dream’s forehead.

“Take good care of him for me, will you?” George asked softly.

Sapnap gave him a genuine smile. “I will.”

“Goodnight, love you.”

“Goodnight, George. Sleep well. We love you, too.”

George disconnected from the call as Sapnap woke Dream from his dozed-off state to get cleaned up before bed. They cuddled under the covers, warm and sated, but Sapnap couldn’t help but feel like the bed was a little too empty with just the two of them.

## Chapter End Notes

i just spoke to tommy  
a

innit  
goddamn minute

he said 🖤give me

no but seriously i hope this is okay and im not rusty or anything

# Dream and Karl

## Chapter Summary

edited reupload

kinks: dom/sub undertones, face sitting

cw: could be considered dubcon but if they were sober it would be completely con

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*im abt to get high*

**without me?**

*d i cant todayyy*

**i just think you don't want to**

*you know i always want to*

**then come on**

**Karl isn't here**

*you also know he isn't a deal breaker*

*but do you really want me*

*to come over bc i will*

**i wouldn't have offered if**

**i didn't want you to**

**make sure you're ready tho**

*im ready*

*leaving in 10*

*omw*

Sapnap arrived at Dream's house a little after nine. The door was unsurprisingly unlocked.

"Hey, man," Dream smiled, eyeing Sapnap up. He reached around to slide his hand up Sapnap's ass to rest on his lower back.

Sapnap held the baggie up. "Who's rolling?"

A few minutes later, they were sitting on the couch, and Sapnap was lighting the blunt. He brought the paper to his lips and took a long drag. Dream took it from his hand, then brought it up to take a hit himself.

"It's really late," Sapnap stated, looking at the clock.

"Not that late," Dream shook his head.

Sapnap looked around. "Karl isn't here," he added. He took the blunt back when Dream handed it over.

"Do you wanna fuck now?" Dream laughed. He sat up from the couch cushions and looked down at Sapnap.

"Not right this second," Sapnap said dismissively. "Where is your roommate?"

"If you want him to join we can just ask," Dream chuckled.

Sapnap glared at him. "Text Karl and ask where he is."

Dream did so begrudgingly. Sapnap took a few more drags from the blunt before setting it down in the ashtray on the coffee table.

"He's at his brother's house. Do you absolutely need him to come home? To get on your knees for him?" Dream asked, making faces.

"Shut up, I just wanted to know where he was. I care about the guy," Sapnap blushed.

"Because you want to suck him off," Dream nodded. "I get it. Thought about doing it myself."

Sapnap laughed. "You've thought about sucking Karl off?"

Dream looked scandalized. "Of course I have," he said, hand to his chest.

"Okay. I guess I can't hold anything against you."

"Except that body."

Sapnap gave Dream a side eye. He was wearing a shit-eating grin, proud of himself for that one.

"I guess we should get on with it while Karl isn't here," Sapnap shrugged. He leaned in to give Dream a short peck on his lips.

Dream's arms fell around Sapnap's waist, and the feeling in the room changed quickly. Sapnap leaned up to press his nose against Dream's cheek. Their breath mingled in the small space between their lips.

"We never talk about this," Sapnap whispered.

"What is with you and asking things today?" Dream asked, eyes drifting from Sapnap's lips to his eyes.

"Maybe I'm just thinking too much," Sapnap replied, meeting Dream's eyes.

Dream leaned in to kiss Sapnap gently, holding his face with one hand. Sapnap chuckled, then deepened the kiss.

“I thought you wanted to talk?” Dream mumbled against Sapnap’s lips.

“Later. Fuck me first.”

Sapnap climbed in Dream’s lap, ass on his thighs and knees on either side of his legs. One of Dream’s hands remained on Sapnap’s face, but the other gravitated to his thigh. Kissing came easy to them; getting high and making out was how they had become friends in the first place.

“Let me take this skirt off,” Dream mumbled, moving to kiss Sapnap’s neck as his hand skirted up into the denim.

“What the fuck?”

Sapnap and Dream jumped apart, staring at Karl in the doorway.

“You said you were out!” Dream exclaimed, jumping to his feet.

“I thought you needed me home!” Karl replied, shutting the door behind him. He dropped his book bag at his feet.

“Okay, to be fair, I asked him to ask where you were,” Sapnap said.

Karl looked past Dream to see Sapnap still sitting on the couch, attempting to pull his skirt down. His mouth fell open and hand slapped his forehead, completely in shock. “I can’t believe this is happening.”

“Karl—,” Dream began.

“You know that I like him,” Karl said in an even, quiet tone.

“You what?” Sapnap demanded.

“I like you, okay? A lot. I told Clay because he said he liked you too, but we *agreed not to do anything*,” Karl hissed the last part at Dream.

“We’ve been fucking for months,” Sapnap said, still in shock.

“And that’s all it’s been, nothing emotional,” Dream said, justifying himself to Karl. “Like we promised.”

Karl frowned and looked away from the two of them to think. Dream and Sapnap made eye contact; Sapnap made an angry face and gestured at Karl, upset, and Dream just shrugged wildly.

“I don’t know what to do,” Karl said finally. “I think...,” Sapnap and Dream waited for him to continue talking, “I think that I’m upset, and tired, and turned on. I might need some time.”

“Or,” Dream said, holding up his pointer finger, “you could join us.”

“What?” Sapnap asked incredulously.

“Long shot, but we both want you, Karl. You at least want Sapnap. Why not?”

“Because I’m dead sober, and you two aren’t. Besides, I don’t think you two want to rearrange

your plans for me,” Karl said, shaking his head.

“If you’d seriously consider it, I’d back Dream’s offer. I mean, really, we do both like you. It’s up to you, though,” Sapnap said. He stood up and walked over to put his hand on Karl’s shoulder.

Karl blushed, looking down at the ground. Sapnap hooked his finger under Karl’s chin and made him look up. They made eye contact, and Karl looked terrified.

Sapnap leaned in slowly, letting Karl reject him if he wanted to.

Karl didn’t. He let Sapnap kiss him softly, sweetly. His eyes fluttered shut, eyelashes brushing gently against Sapnap’s cheeks.

Sapnap felt Karl smile. Karl’s hand moved to lace into Sapnap’s hair.

“God, you two,” Dream said, breathing heavy. “You put on a good show.”

Sapnap chuckled. He opened his mouth slightly, prompting Karl to do the same. Their tongues moved together in the way it only could in porn. Karl’s moan was loud and high-pitched, making Sapnap kiss him deeper.

Dream groaned. “Pretty boys,” he pleaded softly.

Karl and Sapnap both turned to look at him. He was painfully hard. His eyes were begging for their attention and love.

“You’re so handsome,” Sapnap laughed. He grabbed Karl’s hand and led him across the living room.

The three of them stood together, all drifting their hands across each other. Dream leaned his head into Sapnap’s neck, his hand holding Karl’s tightly. Karl stared at Sapnap’s flushed face, glancing down at his jean skirt and back up to see his lips slightly parted.

“I think it’s bedroom time,” Sapnap said, voice soft and commanding. Karl said nothing but he nodded. Dream just started to drag them to his room.

Sapnap and Karl made themselves at home on the mattress, whereas Dream sat on a chair next to the bed.

“What are you doing all the way over there?” Karl asked sweetly.

Dream chuckled. “I’m going to watch Sap fuck you, that’s what.”

Karl went pink. “Flustered looks good on you,” Sapnap said, leaning in to press a short kiss to his lips.

“Did I say you could kiss him?” Dream demanded.

“No, sir,” Sapnap said devilishly. Karl whimpered.

“That’s right. Take your shirt off,” Dream said, nodding his head in a gesture for Sapnap to do as told.

Karl reached over, though, placing his hands on the hem of Sapnap’s plain shirt. They made eye contact, and Karl gave a little smile. Sapnap’s arms went up, and his shirt came off.

They looked over at Dream who had the biggest smile on his face. "You boys get along so well." They sat on their knees facing him in an attempt to look pretty. "You're needy as well."

Dream took his time untying and removing his shoes, teasing the boys while they were so patient. "Do you think you can do something for me and behave?" The boys nodded.

When he stood up, he towered over the both of them. He placed one hand on each of their throats, the heel of his hand pressing into one side of their windpipe, the other suppressed with his fingers, and their faces kept upwards with a steady thumb.

"Karl, you need to prep Sap with your tongue. Can you do that?" Dream asked. Karl nodded. Dream laughed. "I can feel your heartbeat, it's so fast. Calm down, sweetheart."

Dream turned his attention to Sapnap. "Can you be good and sit on his face so pretty?" Sapnap nodded his head vigorously. "And you'll be loud for me, loud enough for my recording?" Sapnap nodded again.

Karl laid down on the bed, head flat so that Sapnap would be comfortable. Dream returned to his chair and pulled out his phone, opening the camera. He pressed record and set it on the nightstand so that the footage would be of the ceiling, but it would still pick up his boys' sweet noises.

Sapnap crawled up to position himself over Karl's face. His thighs cradled Karl's cheeks, which were flushed deep red. "Are you okay with this?" Sapnap asked softly. Karl only nodded in reply.

At first, Sapnap didn't want to put all of his weight on Karl. He felt bad, that this was how they were starting. Karl didn't seem to mind, as he wrapped his arms around Sapnap's thighs and pulled them down so that he was completely sitting on Karl's face.

There was no underwear under that skirt. It had rolled up, the way most skirts do, to sit around Sapnap's waist.

Karl's hands spread Sapnap's cheeks, giving easier access to his hole. His tongue came out to lick once across Sapnap, feeling him shudder in anticipation.

"Does that feel good baby?" Dream asked, palming himself. Sapnap just whimpered as he held on the headboard.

At this point, Karl was ravishing Sapnap's hole, the wet noises definitely being picked up by the microphone. Sapnap was making soft little noises; gasps that weren't enough for Dream's liking.

"Good boy, doing so well on his face," Dream said softly, knowing that Sapnap was a sucker for it. Sapnap did indeed moan and rock back on Karl's tongue, which made him cry out.

"K-Karl," Sapnap whined, and Karl's hands immediately gripped at Sapnap's thighs. Dream chuckled, then held in a groan watching Sapnap's head fall back, his longer hair falling around his shoulders gorgeously.

"You can stop whenever you think he's ready to be fucked, Karl," Dream said. He had undone his jeans, almost achieving skin-on-skin contact, but he wanted to save that for when Sapnap was getting rammed into the bed.

The noises Karl was making were obscene. Sapnap was definitely wet, as Karl was slurping loudly. Sapnap also definitely was dying to come, as his dick was tented against his skirt. Karl's bulge was also noticeable through his jeans.

Karl's fingers were pressing bruises into Sapnap's plush thighs, pulling him down for *more, more, more*. Sapnap mewled, arching his back delicately.

"*Fuck*," Dream groaned. "Come on, he's gotta be ready."

"Do you hear that?" Sapnap asked, lacing his fingers through Karl's hair. "He's getting impatient."

Karl finally moaned and moved back from Sapnap as best as he could to show that he was giving up. Sapnap now sat on his chest, hands still cradling his thighs so he couldn't go too far.

"I was worshipping him," Karl said in protest.

"By all means, make him cum without touching him. But you still want to fuck him right?" Dream asked.

Karl groaned and nodded. Sapnap went red.

"Then fuck him. Do it, now."

Sapnap moved back to get a better vantage point. His skirt and shirt were now abandoned on the floor, but Karl was still fully dressed. The two of them worked together to pull his big sweater up over his head.

Sapnap's hands roamed Karl's body. They drifted across plains of new muscle tone, soft, delectable skin, and sweet spots that made Karl shiver. His hands drifted to Karl's jeans, messing with the button and zipper as they made out.

Dream's dick was fisted in his hand, unmoving, unwilling to cum first. His head lolled to the side but his eyes stayed on the other two. They melded together, bodies intertwined in a beautiful masterpiece.

Karl rummaged around in the bedside table to find a small, half-used bottle of lube. He stared at it destitutely. "This isn't nearly enough," he said, holding the bottle up to show Dream.

"You don't need to prep him," Dream snapped.

"But I don't want to hurt him, either."

"I'll be fine, Karl," Sapnap said softly. Karl glanced at him, worried.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "I can--."

"Fuck me," Sapnap pleaded, giving Karl the biggest puppydog eyes he could.

Karl melted instantly. "Okay," he said as he pushed his lips against Sapnap's.

The lube was mostly used for Karl to be able to push into Sapnap, but some was used to make Sapnap's time more enjoyable.

Sapnap's thighs were on either side of Karl's hips, using them for balance before he fully sat on Karl. "You ready?" he asked breathlessly. Karl just used his hands to slowly guide Sapnap down on his dick.

"Ah," Sapnap whimpered.

Dream groaned. The sound of skin slapping skin would fill up the recording soon, and the thought

alone made him start to jerk himself off.

“Sap, you gotta cum pretty for us,” Dream said. “Loud, pretty.”

“Babe,” Sapnap whined, trying to get Dream to lighten up. He would’ve come right then on accident if he had no self respect.

“Mm, yeah, love?” Dream smiled mischievously.

With every thrust Karl made, Sapnap was moaning, each one cut off by the next one. Karl’s head was buried in Sapnap’s neck to hide his blush.

“How close are you?” Sapnap whispered to Karl.

“Can I cum in you?” was all Karl could say in response.

Sapnap nodded, his head nestled against Karl’s.

Karl came inside Sapnap with a low moan. He began to use his hand to get Sapnap off so that they’d have orgasmed together. All the while, Dream had been touching himself. Sapnap came with a yelp, falling into Karl’s chest out of exhaustion.

The two of them laid together, trying to catch their breath while Dream was groaning quietly.

“Need any help, Dream?” Karl asked quietly.

“No, baby, you’ve helped enough,” Dream panted. He sent a gentle, blissed-out smile at his boys. They were watching intently, wanting to see him cum, too.

It didn’t take long before Dream was biting his lip and he was cumming.

After a few seconds, he opened his eyes to see Karl and Sapna looking at him expectantly. He smiled again, then held out his hand. The two of them lapped up the mess.

“You are so obedient,” Dream observed.

“Being good for you is easy,” Karl said, leaning back against the mattress as he sat on the floor. Sapnap sat on his lap, leaning into his chest.

“And tiring,” Sapnap agreed. Karl and Dream chuckled.

“Let’s go get you cleaned up sweetheart,” Karl said, helping Sapnap up into Dream’s waiting arms.

“I hope this doesn’t fuck anything up,” Sapnap mumbled.

“What was that, baby?” Dream asked.

“I hope that you still like me,” Sapnap said to Karl.

Karl blushed and smiled. He leaned in to kiss Sapnap softly on the cheek. “I do.”

Sapnap smiled. “We should do this more often.”



hi shameless self promo if you like angst too pls go look at my profile for strawberry  
fields forever <3  
as always, love and thanks for all your support !!

## Dream (2)

### Chapter Summary

kinks: dom/sub undertones, genital piercing  
piercing idea from slutfors8n, i love your work and your ideas so much

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“You get your mom settled in the car?” Sapnap asked. He was washing the dishes that didn’t fit in the dishwasher after hosting dinner for Dream’s family.

Dream chuckled as he opened the fridge. “She kept trying to give me the Tupperware back. I had to get my dad to insist she keep it.” Sapnap looked over his shoulder and saw his boyfriend holding a beer bottle. He popped the cap off on the bottle opener magnet attached to the side of the fridge.

“We have more than enough for ourselves.”

“I told her that.”

“And now she has enough leftovers for tomorrow.”

Dream chuckled. “I told her that, too.”

The two of them stood in verbal silence, stagnantly listening to the sound of running water and Patches moving about their feet.

Dream walked up behind Sapnap and pressed his hips into his backside. A hand came to rest on Sapnap’s hip, the other still cradling the open beer.

Sapnap gasped at the sudden invasion of privacy. It wasn’t unwelcome, it was just surprising.

“You looked so good tonight,” Dream said, tone casual and airy. “This skirt,” —the one he had picked out earlier in the week; black, a-line, hemmed at the mid-thigh—, “makes you look so hot, baby.”

Sapnap chuckled. He pressed back up against Dream. “The t-shirt is yours,” he said, feeling Dream grab on to the extra fabric in between his waist and his underarm. “Nobody seemed to notice, but it’s like you claimed me all night.”

Dream groaned. “Come on, baby,” he said. It sounded strained. He nosed Sapnap’s temple, placing soft, short kisses there. “You know what you’re doing to me, don’t you?”

“I do,” Sapnap said proudly. “But I’m not gonna stop.”

“Teasing me or doing the dishes?” Dream asked.

“Both.”

Dream groaned and moved away from Sapnap. The loss of contact left him cold.

“You are so lucky I’m deeply in love with you,” Dream said, leaning back against the counter next to the sink. He sipped his beer in Sapnap’s face.

“I know,” Sapnap smiled smugly.

“If you’d let me fuck you, it would be nice and slow, you’d have a great time. Sit on my face a little, get tied to the bed a little, the works. It’s a shame you have to do the dishes.”

Sapnap fought a blush on his pale cheeks. “Dr-Dream,” he protested, “the dishes.”

Dream reached for one of Sapnap’s hands as he set his beer down with the other. He cupped Sapnap’s face and pulled him in close, whispering, “I’ll do them tomorrow.” He grinned slyly.

Sapnap leaned in and kissed Dream feverishly, letting go of the wall he was holding up for himself. He let Dream feel all his want.

“Mm,” Dream said against Sapnap’s lips, slowly breaking them apart. “Are you desperate?” he asked, amused.

Sapnap nodded his head vigorously and moved so that he was leaning against Dream. “Am I not allowed to be?” he asked. Their noses brushed.

“I can’t say no to you,” Dream shook his head. Their lips connected again, all heat and passion.

“Are we just going to make out in the kitchen or are you going to follow through on your promises?”

Dream shook his head and dropped his hand to grab Sapnap’s, guiding them down the hall to their bedroom.

“Are you going to ride my face with that pretty little ass?” Dream asked, grabbing at the hem of Sapnap’s skirt.

Sapnap blushed. “Dream,” he said softly, pleading. His hands pulled gently at Dream’s jersey knit Gator’s shirt.

“You’re allowed to say no,” Dream smiled. “You’re allowed to say whatever you want. I’ll give you anything.” He tilted Sapnap’s chin up so they locked eyes.

“I just need you to fuck me,” Sapnap begged. His grip tightened. “Please, I need you.”

Dream crowded his space. “Anything you say, babe.”

Sapnap led Dream over to his side of the bed and pulled his shirt up over his head, revealing a lacy bralette. It was a pretty purple thing; sheer with floral accouterments. Dream gasped quietly, tracing his fingertips lightly across the fine detailing.

“Do you like it?” Sapnap whispered.

“Has this been on all night?” Dream demanded.

“Do you like it?” Sapnap repeated with a smirk.

Dream breathed heavily. “Is— are there matching—?”

Sapnap cut him off by tugging his skirt down. There sat the matching panties, strained. Pretty and

floral and mesh as the top, just more wet.

Dream could hardly control himself. “You’ve had this on all night and didn’t tell me?” he asked.

“I knew it would make you fuck me,” Sapnap confessed. “I planned on just showing you on the couch, with your hand on my thigh, and—.”

“You’re devious,” Dream chuckled, kissing up Sapnap’s neck. “You got me where you want me, baby.”

Sapnap chuckled, moving his head so Dream could continue while reaching around to mess with the hairs at the nape of his boyfriend’s neck. “And where do you think that is, handsome?”

“In bed, willing,” Dream said softly. His breath brushed against the sensitive skin he’d just bruised. “You wanna put your sweet lips to good use?”

“Yes, can I?” Sapnap pleaded. Dream chuckled. “Don’t make me beg harder.”

Dream sat on the edge of the bed, pulling Sapnap in between his legs. He cupped the side of Sap’s face, smiling up at him. “Knees, honey.”

Sapnap knelt so fast he almost got rug burn. He looked up through thick lashes for approval. Dream’s hand crept from his face to his scalp, gripping his hair to tilt his face back.

With his free hand, Dream reached to tug his jeans free of their button and zipper, letting Sapnap pull them completely down. His boxers were tented up towards his abdomen.

“All the way?” Sapnap asked softly. He palmed at Dream’s hardening cock.

Dream bucked his hips into the touch. “No, no, I want to fuck you long and hard. Just getting ready.”

With the confirmation, Dream’s boxers followed his pants. Sapnap had his hands on his boyfriend’s thighs, almost drooling.

Dream had recently gotten his dick pierced as a part of a joke he’d made with George a few months back, that Sapnap gets bored easily and Dream would ‘eventually need one to keep you sated, Sapnap’. That was met with a hearty fuck you, but it was apparently pocketed later.

They’d done some stuff with the piercing, but not fully had sex. It was still healing.

Sapnap took the head into his mouth, doing his best to be gentle around the piercing. It was very sensitive. Dream let out soft noises, the ones when he really likes what Sapnap’s doing, so he continued.

The piercing was technically a deep shaft, so Sapnap had to be very mindful of his teeth. He placed his hand at Dream’s base and tried his best to meet it with his mouth.

He gagged as Dream pulled on his hair a little more, whimpering at the feeling. The piercing had a lot more presence in his mouth, not that he was complaining, but he was pissed that George was right.

He used his tongue to mess with the bar, and it made Dream jolt. He hummed and Dream chuckled, letting him come up for air.

“If you keep messing with that, I’ll come down your throat before you get the chance to feel it in

you,” Dream said, petting Sapnap’s hair as he gasped.

“That soon?” Sapnap countered, smiling deviously.

“Get on this bed and ride me,” Dream said, obviously over the back talk.

Sapnap climbed up into Dream’s lap, pushing him back on the bed and kissing him furiously. Dream’s hands drifted under the straps of the bralette, holding Sapnap closer with skin to skin contact.

“Where’s the lube?” Sapnap asked against Dream’s lips.

“Nightstand,” Dream replied shortly. He held Sapnap to his chest to keep kissing him as he reached across the bed to grab the KY jelly.

Sapnap pulled back to present his ass to Dream.

“Eager, are we?” Dream asked, but he spread his fingers with the clear liquid.

“Get inside me or leave me be with a dildo,” Sapnap pouted. He pressed his face into the sheets and stuck his ass straight up for his boyfriend.

“Easy, easy, I’m working on it,” Dream said.

One hand dropped to spread Sapnap’s ass, pushing the fabric of the panties aside, and the other pressed into his hole with no warning. He was still loose from their quickie the night before.

“Dr-Dream,” Sapnap breathed out, trying not to go limp.

“Shh, baby, you’re prettier when you moan.”

Sapnap tried to control his talking as Dream worked him open slowly. He was melting, being taken care of like this.

“Okay, baby, do you think you’re ready?” Dream asked softly. Sapnap nodded and sat up.

Dream sat on his knees and leaned back on one arm. Sapnap kissed him deeply, just in trust and adoration.

Sapnap kneeled in front of Dream, then let himself be guided back to sit on Dream’s dick. His arms braced in front of him on the bed. The piercing rubbed against every sweet spot Sapnap could think of, and he moaned loudly.

“S-so good,” he said, rocking back into Dream.

“Sounds like it, baby. You be as loud as you want.”

Dream found a pace in pulling Sapnap into his hips, and Sapnap let the piercing explore places Dream could have never touched. His head fell back as he panted.

“Baby, where do you want me to cum?” Dream asked. He sounded just as used as Sapnap felt, which was gratifying.

“Anywhere, anywhere,” Sapnap said, just wanting to be fucked to completion.

Dream’s thrusts sped up. He reached around to grab Sapnap’s leaking cock. Sapnap didn’t know

how badly he needed to be touched until it happened.

Dream pulled out fast, his piercing rubbing against Sapnap's walls so fast he could see stars, and came across Sapnap's ass. Sapnap came with him, way overstimulated.

They toppled over on the bed, both breathing heavy. Dream held Sapnap close to his chest.

There was silence for a while, but Sapnap swears he didn't fall asleep in the comfort or from the exhaustion. Dream refuses to believe it, because he had to shake him awake to get him in the bath.

“So, you like the piercing, huh?”

“Shut up, don't tell George.”

## Chapter End Notes

comments and kudos appreciated :)

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